

WIT and HUMOR



SPEED MANIA IS DISASTROUS

Public Has Gone Crazy Over Matter of Rushing. Says Traveler, Who Soon Forgets Himself.

"Yes, sir," said the man who had his feet in a chair in the smoking compartment of the car, "you can trace nearly every railroad accident to the mania for speed. Safety is a secondary consideration. The first object is to get there in a hurry. Look at the advertisements of the different railroads. You'll see that speed is always emphasized. If one road can make the run from New York to Chicago in 20 minutes less time than it takes on some other road the fact is played up in big type, as if it were the most important thing in the world. The public has gone crazy over this matter of rushing. Get there quick is the great object. We've got to be educated up to the idea that speed is not the only thing which should be considered. The man who thinks his time is so important that the gain or loss of an hour is vital ought to be chuckled into a well and allowed to cool off. Say, porter, how are we running? Seems to me this train is merely creeping along."

"Yes, sah. We're about 20 minutes late. The heavy rains have made the track unsafe along here and we got to go kind of careful."

"Confound this road, anyhow! I'll never travel on it again. Why the dickens can't they get people in on time!"

Still Had Hopes.

"What was your son's social standing in college?"

"Oh, very fair. Why, he almost got into the Glee and Squeak society."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Why, you know, they always hit them on the back as a sign they have been selected, and George was hit on the back with such force that it knocked him down."

"Mercy!"

"Yes, indeed. He thought, of course, he had been chosen, but he found out afterward it was the class bully who hit him because he didn't like the set of his collar. But even that's a great honor."

English, You Know.

"I shall discharge our butler," said Mr. Cumrox.

"What's the trouble?"

"He doesn't show me proper deference. When I am paying a man liberally, I consider it his duty to laugh at my jokes."

"And he won't?"

"I don't think he can. He's an English butler. When, in a spirit of gentle and condescending badinage, I said to him: 'Hawkins, can you tell me which came first, the chicken or the egg?' he said: 'Which did you order first, sir?'"

His Winning Delivery.

"And how is your excellent son, the divinity student? He graduated from the theological seminary about a year ago, I believe?"

"Yes, just a year ago. And he's doing so well! They pay him a wonderful large salary, and next year he's to get more."

"Indeed? That's very unusual. Perhaps it is his excellent delivery that nets him this large emolument?"

"Yes, that's it. He's one of the pitchers in the big league."

Candid Classification.

Visitor—So I belong to the animal kingdom, do I? That is right, my little dear. I see you know your lessons. Now, tell me what kind of an animal I am.

Candid Child—Ma knows, and she says you're a cat.

An Excuse.

"Jim, I want some money to get ready to go away with."

"My dear Julia, you don't realize how really poor we are. Why, the wolf is at the door."

"He always is when I want anything for myself. That wolf's a goat."

Where Viewed.

"I have just been reading some humorous observations entitled, 'The Reflections of an Old Maid.'"

"I'd rather read the reflections of a debutante."

"Impossible. Most of her reflections are in a mirror."

Indifferent Matter.

"There must be very little news in your paper today."

"What makes you think so?"

"I notice you are reading about the latest revolution in Central America."

Suspicious.

"Hello, old chap. I've been trying to run across you for some time."

"Is that so? What make is your car?"

BUCKING A GIANT MONOPOLY

Man With Bulging Brow Relates Excitingly Interesting Experience He Had With Iceman.

"I had an interesting experience with my iceman the other morning," said the man with the bulging brow. "He wanted you to pay for your coupon book 'fore he'd let you have any more ice, I reckon," hazarded the man with the bulbous nose.

"Don't get smart. For a long time, you know, I've been suspecting that he didn't give me full weight. So when he came this time I was ready for him. He had put what he called a 50-pound chunk in the box, and was about to go.

"Hold on a minute," I said. "You're sure that's 50 pounds, are you?"

"Yep," he says.

"Well, we'll just measure it and see."

"I had a one foot rule in my hand. I measured that chunk carefully. Then I multiplied the length, breadth, and thickness together, and got the dimensions in cubic inches. I showed him the figures.

"Is that right?" I asked him.

"I guess so," he said.

"Well, you see, there are just 1,539 cubic inches in that piece. Now, I divide it by 30, and—hold on! By George, there's—"

"Yep," he says; "there's 51 pounds in it. Thank you!"

"Then what do you think he did? I'll be blamed if he didn't take his steel pick, chip off a pound chunk of ice, and carry it back to the wagon with him! What's the use of bucking against the ice trust, anyway?"

Making Sure.

A commercial traveler at a railway station in one of our Southern towns included in his order for breakfast two boiled eggs. The old darkey who served him brought him three.

"Uncle," said the traveling man; "why in the world did you bring me three boiled eggs? I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said the old darkey, bowing and smiling. "I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three, because I just naturally felt dat one of dem might fall you, sir."

—Harper's Weekly.

His Service.

"I should like very much," said the president of the greatest republic on which the sun ever shown, "to appoint you to an office of some kind, but you must realize, of course, that it is necessary for me to reward our party workers before I take up the cases of other applicants."

"Certainly I realize that. I'm one of the party workers you refer to."

"Oh, are you? What have you done for the ticket?"

"I was one of the people who howled for 83 minutes when your name was presented to the convention."

His Bid.

A Yorkshireman recently entered an auction mart. Looking around and catching the auctioneer's eye during a lull in the bidding, he shouted out loudly enough to be heard by all:

"May I bid?"

"Certainly," said the man of the hammer, thinking him a customer. All eyes being turned on the customer, he, making for the door, said: "Well, I bid you good-night, then."

The laughter which followed stopped business for some time.—Tit-Bits.

He Had an Explanation.

A committee had the State Senator on the carpet.

"Didn't you promise, if we elected you, to get our county good roads?"

"Why, certainly, gentlemen."

"Did you do it?"

"No. You see, airships are getting very common now. I thought we'd better wait a few years. Maybe we won't need any roads at all then. Fine weather for corn, isn't it?"

Quick Time.

Officer—You say the chauffeur sounded his horn just as the machine struck the man?

Witness—Yes.

Officer—Was the victim killed instantly?

Witness—So instantly, sir, that he must have heard the echo of the horn in the next world.—Satire.

A Great Improvement.

She—Why don't you keep more control over your face? You give everything away by your expression. Now, I make it a rule never to change countenance.

He—If you can change it, my dear, I wish you would.

A Mean Escape.

"Mrs. Jones' doctor told her husband she needed a quick change of scene."

"What did her husband do about it?"

"Took her to a moving-picture show."

His Performance.

"How did that singing dog succeed in vaudeville?"

"I believe he was a howling success."

Tracing Him.

"I believe that man is an aviator."

"What makes you think so?"

"He wanted a sky parlor in the hotel wing."

Perfectly Natural.

"Did he die a natural death?"

"A beer bottle from an airship fell on his head."—Satire.

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

VICARIOUS ATTAINMENTS



I'd love to be an artist, and to work with brush or pen.

To paint or draw the woods and fields, the women and the men.

I know a lot about it, and if I might find the time.

I'm sure I'd do a masterpiece, or something like that sublime.

But, though I'm so ambitious, I can never make a start.

Because it keeps me busy just a-reading up on Art.

I want to be athletic, want to run and jump and swim.

And do the other stunts that show my strength of wind and limb—

But I am thin and scrawny and my chest is hollowed out.

And as to lungs, I whisper when I lift my voice to about.

I'd love to be a gymnast, but you see it takes so long.

To read the magazines and books that tell how to be strong.

I yearn to be a writer, doing things in rhyme or prose:

I think I know about it as much as the next man knows.

And if I could get at it there's no doubt I'd set my name.

'Way up among the others in the marble hall of fame.

But then I am so busy; why, it keeps me day and night.

Just reading all that's printed on the art of how to write.

I'd like to be a statesman, to arise and tell the world.

The way folks should be governed and defiance should be hurled;

My friends assure me daily they'd be glad to go and vote.

And sit me for the silk hat and the long and flapping coat.

I'm master of all statecraft, but, you see, I'm in a fix:

I'm reading all the current thought and views of politics.

I'd love to be a bookworm, just to browse among the shelves.

And find on printed pages how great minds express themselves.

I've got them all from Plato down to men of our own day—

The books have uncut pages and upon the shelves they stay.

I want to do it sometime, but the trouble is, indeed,

It keeps me busy reading helpful things on how to read.

Disappointment.

"Well, I don't think much of Mrs. Blizzle, even if she is a new neighbor and dresses well, and all that," says the lady with the thin nose and the eager ears.

"Why, she seemed to be a very pleasant sort of woman," says the large, placid lady.

"What do you suppose she did? After several of us had become acquainted with her and told her all we knew about everybody on the street, she asked us to come to her house the other afternoon, saying she had something very interesting to tell us about Mrs. Bridget, who was recently married and who has just moved in on the next street but one. Well, we all rushed over, and what do you think? She kept us sitting there for half an hour while she told us what a nice family Mrs. Bridget came from and what a nice man her husband is, and how much good they have both done, and how devoted they are to each other, and how Mrs. Bridget never has any but good things to say about her neighbors. And she called that interesting!"

Sowing Wild Oats.

"Since them city boarders got to comin' here our Johnny has been goin' to the bad," said Mrs. Hayseeds to Mrs. Clovertopp.

"You don't say!"

"Yes, indeed! He's got to stayin' out late at night. Why, last Sat'day night he went off down town and never come home until half after 9. I've got a mind to ask the preacher to talk to him on the error of his ways."

Its Effect.

"It is too bad," said the person who reverences antiquities, "that the bell tower of St. Mark's fell, isn't it?"

"Awful," answers the individual with the weary brow. "Awful! Why, it started old man Gaddaboute to telling of his European travels all over again."

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—Theodore D. Nesbit

CROWD SEEKS STONE

New Yorkers Join Search For \$500 Diamond.

Broadway Denizens Dig in Excavation for Valuable Jewel for Which Reward of \$100 Is Offered by Woman—Lost During Accident.

New York.—Workmen are diamond hunting in an excavation at Broadway and Thirty-ninth street. Every handful of earth they pass carefully through their fingers. Scores did the same thing and there was an amusing contest between the police and the crowd. For there is a \$500 diamond somewhere in that hole and there is a \$100 reward for the finding of it.

The big gem belongs to Mrs. Edward B. Walker, who owns the Knickerbocker line of sight-seeing automobiles. About 9 o'clock at night Mrs. Walker's private car nearly dropped into the hole. She saved her life, but one of her biggest diamonds fell into the dirt.

As her chauffeur, Edward Regan, dodged a pedestrian crossing Broadway, the automobile skidded on the pavement, just west by the shower, and before he could regain control the front end of the car had plunged over the mouth of the pit. But for some pipes and scaffolding, the car would have dropped ten feet to the bottom of the hole. As it was the machine hung suspended in most remarkable fashion over the edge of the excavation.

Neither Mrs. Walker nor Regan was hurt, nor was the car much damaged. But in the shock of the impact Mrs. Walker had grabbed one of the stays of the cover of the machine, and the diamond had been jerked from its setting.

Shortly after they had started Mrs. Walker happened to notice her ring. With a cry, she exclaimed: "Oh, I do declare, I've lost my solitaire!"

By way of proof she held up her hand and showed the ring, which had

a yawning excavation big enough to take a fair-sized filibuster. Then displaying another ring with a large stone, she cried:

"Boys, the lost diamond is larger than this one. It cost me \$500 and I'll give \$100 cash right here to him who'll find it for me."

It was some scramble that followed. All Broadway wanted to be in on that diamond ring.

SWIMS ACROSS BAY

Young Girl Makes Half a Mile in Record Time.

Six-Year-Old Covers Long Distance at Dover in Nineteen Minutes—Cuts Her Way Through Waves Like an Expert.

Dover.—Visitors to Dover and promenaders on the harbor piers were astonished recently to see a little mite of a girl, barely more than a baby, take the water with all the ease and aplomb of a channel swimmer, and proceed to swim half a mile across the bay in the record time of 19 minutes.

And the sight was in truth a remarkable one. The diminutive swimmer, looking the merest speck on the sunlit waters, cut her way through the waves with a businesslike, sturdy breast stroke that would have done credit to a Wolff or a Holbein.

Swimming by her side with watchful eyes was Mrs. Jack Weldman, the channel swimmer. But the little record-maker needed no guardianship.

Instead, the little girl finished her half mile as fresh as a cricket without aid of any kind, and this although the sea was anything but smooth. By some people it would have been considered choppy.

The plucky little girl who achieved this novel performance is Freda Pickett, a six-year-old pupil of Miss Jarvis, sister of the English champion swimmer.

The part of Dover bay covered by the child is that which lies between the Prince of Wales pier to the Promenade pier, a distance of half a mile, which she covered in the extraordinary time of 19 minutes.

The child's parents belong to Market Harborough (Leicestershire). Jack Weldman is enthusiastic about her prowess.

Little Freda is a merry-looking

LOWER TAX ON SPITE HOUSE

Declares She Purposely Decreased Property Value in Revenge for Neighbor's Wall.

For when a woman will she will, you may depend on't; And when she won't she won't, and there's an end on't.

Chicago.—Mrs. A. Spiskel, of 526 Aldine avenue, asserted in the office of the board of review that she is the sort of woman who will; also she prophesied with some emphasis that the owner of a flat building next door to her apartment house at 447 North Paulina street will discover, to his financial sorrow, just what degree of will she possesses. The bone of contention in this case is a rough brick wall, which Mrs. Spiskel says her foe put up facing her property, greatly to its detriment.

"He broke the building line and now I am going to break him if I have to take in washing to do it," said Mrs. Spiskel, and her lips became a thin line as she uttered the threat. Reviewer Thomas Webb, who was listening for her plea for a lower assessment, felt no doubt of her sincerity. "That man just laughed when I protested against that wall," said Mrs. Spiskel, "and so I advertised for negro

CHIEF MEETS A CHIEF'S SON



MEMBERS of President Taft's family recently had an enjoyable visit to the Glacier National park and Robert Taft, son of the president, became very chummy with Big Top, chief of the Piegan Indians. Our photograph shows them in happy converse.

"I see it!" yelled a man, diving for a glittering object under the car.

"Get back out of this everybody; all of you get back," ordered the police.

"Hi, hold your foot there for a moment," cried one of the policemen as he jumped at a piece of glass.

But despite all, Mrs. Walker had to go home and leave that \$500 diamond in the dirt on Broadway.

her head is well out of the water. She changes to the side stroke at times, and when she is tired she turns on her back and floats.

She was as merry as could be throughout the swim. When she had got about half way and was asked how she felt, she laughingly replied: "I feel fine."

WATER WAGONS IN PARADE

Louisville Catholics Try an Innovation Which Works Well on a Hot Day.

Louisville, Ky.—An innovation in parades was started here when 24 water wagons were scattered at intervals in the pageant of the American Federation of Catholic societies. The wagons were provided with distilled water and individual drinking cups, in which water boys carried drafts to participants and spectators. On account of the intense heat many of the marchers took advantage of the water supply to keep wet handkerchiefs on their foreheads. Even these precautions did not prevent several heat prostrations among marchers and participants.

"HAUNTED" HOUSE IS RAZED

Many Tenants Have Inhabited It, but the "Spirits" Have Driven Them All Out After a Short Time.

Trenton, N. J.—Famous as a haunted house for 25 years, an old brick residence in this city, owned by Warren Quinn, is about to be torn down in the hope that its ghostly inhabitants will be driven out. A revival of the spirit manifestations, it is said, has determined the owner to raze the building.

While the house has been occupied despite the ghostly noises, the occupants have kept constantly changing, driven out, they say, by ghosts.

John Nickold and his family were the latest occupants. They were there considerably longer than any other tenants, but after ignoring the strange

happenings for a time they fled and no one else would move in.

Nickold declares that of late the manifestations have been of almost nightly occurrence. Sheets would be pulled off the beds violently; the lamps left burning at night would be turned down mysteriously and then as mysteriously would be turned up so that the wicks would blaze.

Footsteps would be heard in the attic during the night; shades would be run up, apparently by ghostly hands, and clocks would be wound at all hours of the night and thrown with force to the floor.

A nurse employed by the Nickolds remained in the house only a week because of the disturbances, and no other nurse could be obtained. It was impossible to keep a servant, and the members of the family got into such a nervous state that the least sound frightened them.

TRAMP LEFT HER A FORTUNE

Marshall McMurren Remembered Servant Girl Who Gave Him a "Snack" With \$40,000.

Petersburg, Ind.—Several years ago a tramp appeared at the kitchen in which Maggie Drain was working and asked for something to eat. The family in which she was employed as a servant protested, but she gave the man his breakfast and an hour later he returned with a paper which he handed to her, charging her to keep it.

It proved to be a document giving to the girl the property of Marshall McMurren at his death.

McMurren owned a farm in an adjoining county, and when he died a year ago the document was presented and claim to his property made. The relatives of McMurren sought to break the will, but it was recently sustained by the court and Miss Drain will get about \$40,000.

Man Dies of Fright.

Baltimore.—Joseph Brown was literally scared to death when two policemen began to question him about a woman he was in company with. He dropped dead from sheer fright.

THE KITCHEN CABINET



WAYS OF PREPARING CHEAP CUTS OF MEAT.

When preparing chopped meat, add a half pound of chopped salt pork to hamburger steak, with seasonings; make into small cakes and cook until well done. The flavor is much better than using the beef alone.

Pot Roast.—Buy a pound and a half of meat cut from the fore quarter, wipe with a damp cloth and cut into one-inch pieces. Put into an earthen dish, casserole or bean pot, with an onion, a carrot peeled and sliced, a few sprigs of parsley, two teaspoonfuls of salt and a teaspoon of pepper corns. Add two cups of water and a pint of tomatoes, cover and cook for three and a half hours. A half hour before serving time thicken with three tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour creamed together. Remove the vegetables and add a cup of peas to the meat.

Hungarian Goulash.—Take two pounds of round steak from the under part, wipe with a damp cloth and cut into one and a half inch pieces. Add the meat to a quart of boiling water in which three slices of onion is added; let boil five minutes, then cover and just simmer for an hour. Add a few sliced potatoes and two dozen small onions. Just before serving thicken with three tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter creamed together. Season with salt and pepper.

Braised Beef.—Wipe three pounds of beef cut from the round. Sprinkle with salt and dredge with flour. Cut an inch cube of fat salt pork in small pieces and fry out. Add the beef to the pan and turn until thoroughly brown. Put the meat into a baking pan, add three cups of tomatoes, a quarter of a cup each of carrot, celery, onion, turnip, two sprigs of parsley, two cloves and a dozen pepper corns. Cover closely and cook four hours. Remove the meat, rub the vegetables through a sieve, thicken with flour and water mixed. Cook until thick, and pour around the meat.

Beef Stew.—Cut up a fowl as for fricassee and cover with boiling water. Simmer until tender. When the fowl is about half done, add two slices of onion, two slices of carrot, one stalk of celery, a sprig of parsley, 12 pepper corns and a tablespoonful of salt. Cook until all the vegetables are tender. Remove the chicken to the platter, arrange in attractive form, and pour over the gravy and vegetables. Prepare the gravy by skimming the fat and using sufficient flour to thicken.

CHOICE DISHES.

Onion Soup.—Make several gashes in a shin bone of beef, put it into the soup kettle and cover with two quarts of water. Heat slowly to the boiling point and let simmer for three or four hours. Slice five small onions and cook them in enough butter to brown them well. Strain the stock, add a little beef extract for flavor, and color, salt and pepper to taste. Cut bread in one-third-inch slices, sprinkle with cheese and pour the soup over the bread.

Allerton Chicken.—Cut up a fowl as

for fricassee and cover with boiling water. Simmer until tender. When the fowl is about half done, add two slices of onion, two slices of carrot, one stalk of celery, a sprig of parsley, 12 pepper corns and a tablespoonful of salt. Cook until all the vegetables are tender. Remove the chicken to the platter, arrange in attractive form, and pour over the gravy and vegetables. Prepare the gravy by skimming the fat and using sufficient flour to thicken.

Chicken Stew With Onions.—This is

not a common dish, but is most delicious. Stew the chicken with two dozen small onions, simmer until tender. Remove the chicken to the platter and drain the onions from the stock. Thicken the stock with three tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour cooked together. Add one-half cup of cream, season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Pour over the chicken and garnish with the onions and parsley.

Marshmallow Wafers.—Cook to-

gether a cup of sugar and half a cup of water in a granite dish. Boil until it threads, then add ten marshmallows cut in small pieces. Pour gradually over the whites of two eggs beaten stiff; add a cup of pecan meats and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Spread on small wafers and brown in the oven.

Nellie Maxwell.

Purely Personal Interest.

"Are you in favor of the recall of the judges?"

"No," answered the man who is in politics for himself. "There'd be no chance of my getting a Judge's job ever if it were declared vacant."

Moving Pictures in School.

The first German school to have a moving picture machine as a regular part of its equipment is in Thuringia. The apparatus will be used mainly in geography and nature study.